THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LIV.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

In my last I sent you a version from the Arabian poet, Amriolkais; I now present you with two others, from his countryman and contemporary, Lebeid Ben Rabias Alamary.*

The learned professor, Carlyle, has, with his accustomary elegance, translated, into elegiac verse, sixteen stanzas from the poem of Lebeid. I am well aware of the fate my trifles would meet, in a comparison with the poetry of Carlyle; and I possess so much humility, that I would not have even magnis tamen excidit ausis said of me: but, in looking over the translation, given by Sir William Jones, I thought that more passion might, without impropriety, be introduced into the language of an ardent lover, on his return to the former abode of his fair, but faithless mistress; and from this idea I attempted a version; with what effect, I submit to your judgment.

Of the Arabic I do not understand a single character; of consequence I am to be considered as a mere versifier, and my stanzas, simply as *imitations:* but even to one well acquainted with the language, there would be no small task in doing justice to the poem of Lebeid, "the diction of which," according to Sir Wm. Jones, in his essay on the poetry of the eastern nations, "is easy and simple, yet elegant; the numbers flowing and musical, and the sentiments wonderfully natural."

The first piece is in praise of Love, Wine, and Hospitality; and displays the gaiety of a *bon vivant*, in a manner that would not disgrace the festive Anacreon. The other appears to have been written in consequence of visiting, after a considerable lapse of time, the scenes of his youthful passion, and finding places, once abounding with felicity, dreary and uninhabited.

In consequence of the wandering life of the Arabians, it frequently happened that lovers, of different tribes, were separated, during their courtship, by the removal of one or other party in search of situations more abounding in water or pasturage; and this, probably, was the case of Lebeid and Newara.

O.

FROM THE ARABIC.*

In song, and dance, and revelry,
My blissful moments pass;
And conversation, gay and free,
Enlivened by the glass.

How oft I quaff the generous wine,
When morn's first tints appear;
And press the maid to bliss divine,
Whose lute is heaven to hear!

Long ere cock-crow, or night's withdrawn,
My early draught I take;
Long ere the sleepers of the dawn,
Their lethargy forsake.

And oft, when Winter howls around,
From northern regions sent,
The wildered traveller is found
Within my friendly tent.

The guest and stranger there regale,
And, pleas'd with mirthful hours,
Declare 'tis like Tibaala's vale,
When drest in vernal flowers.

FROM THE ARABIC.†

O, desolate are the abodes of the fair!
Their stations no more in Minia are seen;
The wild hills of Goul fill my soul with despair,
And fountain—where often has Newara been.

Dear ruins! ah, many a year has past by,
Since here, with the fair one accustom'd to rove,
The glance of affection I caught from her eye,
And Lebeid exchang'd the soft vows with his love.

The clouds of the Spring have enshrouded the sky,
The hills of Minia are drench'd with the shower;
The wild grass around waves luxuriant and high,
Where once dwelt Newara, of beauty the flower.

I stand by the ruins, where waves the wild grass,
I ask—and the tears for lov'd Newara flow,
Where, where is the faithless one gone?—but, alas!
The echo alone will reply to my woe.

O, hard was the blow, and envenom'd the wound,
Which Perfidy's dagger fix'd deep in my heart,
When, spite of my anguish, with soul-piercing sound,
The tent of Newara was struck to depart!

But, Lebeid! why dost thou for Newara grieve?
At distance she dwells—she has left thee to mourn;
Her vows of affection were made to deceive!
The bonds of your union asunder are torn!

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

If the irregularity of the Spanish intendant at New-Orleans, should prove the first step to a career, which is to terminate in the dissolution of the American union, it will not be for want of *sensibilities*, of *secrecies*, of *negociations*, of *liberalities*, or of *little bits of paper about so big*.

Among the last of these powerful expedients, is a second letter from President Jefferson, to the governor of Kentucky, dated 18th January, 1803, in which he reiterates the consolatory information given in his former letter, and adds that "further information, shewing that this act of the Intendant's was unauthorized, has strengthened *our* expectations that it will be corrected."

In this letter, as in the former, Mr. Jefferson speaks of those profound conjectures, and those spirited measures for which the apparent responsibility rests upon him alone, as being entertained and undertaken by others in conjunction with him. For he is doubtless too stern a republican to use the plural number *we* and *our*, when merely speaking of himself, and after the severe and ingenious controversy which so recently took place, between those two pillars of his adminis-

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* The Mahomedan writers tell a story of this poet, which deserves to be mentioned here. It was a custom, it seems, among the old Arabians, for the most eminent versifiers to hang up some chosen couplets on the gates of the Temple, as a public challenge to their brethren, who strove to answer them before the next meeting at Ocadh, at which time the whole assembly used to determine the merit of them all, and give some mark of distinction to the author of the finest verses. Now Lebeid who, we are told, had been a violent opposer of Mahomed, fixed a poem on the gate, beginning with the following distich, in which he apparently meant to reflect upon the new religion: "Are not all things vain which come not from God? And will not all honours decay, but those which He confers?" These lines appeared so sublime, that none of the poets ventured to answer them; till Mahomed, who was himself a poet, having composed a new chapter of his Alcoran, (the second I think,) placed the opening of it by the side of Lebeid's poem, who no sooner read it, than he declared it to be something divine, confessed his own inferiority, tore his verses from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival; to whom he was afterwards extremely useful in replying to the satires of Amriolkais, who was continually attacking the doctrines of Mahomed. The Asiatics add, that their lawgiver acknowledged, some time after, that no heathen poet had ever produced a nobler distich than that of Lebeid's just quoted. SIR WILLIAM JONES.

* Translated from the Arabic, of Lebeid, by Sir William Jones.

Ah, thou knowest not how many secure nights with mirth and revelry, I pass in gay conversation, and often return to the flag of the wine mercnant, when he spreads it in the air, and sells his wine at a high price.

How often do I quaff pure wine in the morning, and draw towards me the fair lutanist, whose fingers skilfully touch the strings.

I rise, before the Cock, to take my morning draught, which I sip, again and again, when the sleepers of the dawn awake.

On many a cold morning, when the freezing winds howl, and the hand of the north holds their reins, I turn aside their blast from the traveller, whom I receive in my tent.

The guest and the stranger, admitted to my board, seem to have alighted in the sweet vale of Tibaala, luxuriant with vernal blossoms.

† Desolate are the mansions of the fair, the stations in Minia, where they rested, and those where they fixed their abodes! Wild are the hills of Goul, and deserted is the fountain of Rijaam.

Dear ruins! many a year has been closed, many a month, holy and unhallowed, has elapsed, since I exchanged tender vows with the fair inhabitants.

The rainy constellations of Spring have made their hills green and luxuriant: the drops from the thunder clouds have drenched them with profuse, as well as gentle showers.

I stand asking news of the ruins concerning their lovely inhabitants; but what avail my questions to dreary rocks, who answer them only by their echo?

How were thy tender affections raised when the damsels of the tribe departed; when they hid themselves in carriages of cotton, like antelopes in their lau, and the tents, as they were struck, gave a piercing sound.

Ah, what remains in thy remembrance of the beautiful Newara, since she now dwells at a distance, and all the bonds of union, between her and thee, both strong and weak, are torn asunder?

tration, Abraham Bishop and James Cheetham, about the use of this very term *we*, it might naturally have been expected, that when he himself should use it, he would take care to inform his correspondent, what or whom he meant to designate by it besides himself.

This remark is not made, as a grammatical cavil, at an improper expression; the opinion that the Intendant acted without authority, discovers such depth of penetration in the mind which conceived it; the dependence upon a letter from the Spanish minister, to obtain the reversal of the Intendant's order, indicates so much greatness of mind, combined with so much of that discretion which is the better part of valour, in the character who first suggested it, that the nation ought to know every person who has a just claim to the honour of such splendid and useful imaginations. On all important and critical occasons, it is the choise of measures which must give the stamp to the characters of public men, and the time cannot be distant, when the national gratitude must have an irresistible claim to know, with the most specific discrimination, to whom its rewards are due.

The first and most immediate sufferers, by this whimsical waggery of the Spanish officer, will be, principally, the citizens of Kentucky; and if they are satisfied with the proceedings of the national government, it would be unreasonable for the other parts of the Union to complain. The president tells them "that, that government is *equally* and *impartially* alive, to the interests of every portion of the Union." This indeed is not exactly, what on this occasion they wanted. As *their* immediate interests were most vitally affected, by the occlusion of New-Orleans, a *special* attention, an *extraordinary* exertion in their behalf, was what the case seemed to require. If a man had received a deep and dangerous wound, in one of his limbs, he would not thank the surgeon, who should boast of a project to cure him, by beplaistering his whole body. But the people of Kentucky, are generous and good-natured. They have an unbounded confidence in Mr. Jefferson, and his administration, and when they are informed that "James Monroe, late governor of Virginia, has been sent with full powers to him, and our ministers in France and Spain, to enter with those governments, into such arrangements as may effectually secure our rights, and interests in the Missisippi, and in the country eastward of that"—they will doubtless, as their senator Mr. Breckenridge tells them *they must*, submit to all the loss and inconvenience, which the choaking system of the Spanish intendant, will bring upon them in the interval.

But stay!—no—The obstruction shall not distress them for a single season. It shall instantly be removed. What? are Mr. Breckenridge's eighty thousand militia, ordered to march? are we to take possession of New-Orleans, and by securing the present enjoyment, of our indisputable right, prevent the necessity of a future claim of indemnity from Spain? are we at last to act like men of spirit? to use the means which God and nature have given us, for self defence? Alas! no! for that would smell too strong of gun-powder—who knows, but it might occasion *war?* no, sir! but, "in the meantime, knowing how important it is, that the obstruction shall be removed in time, for the produce, which will begin to descend the river in February, *the Spanish minister* has *at our request*, *reiterated* his interposition with the intendant of New-Orleans!"

"And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth,
"Was *parmacity*, for an inward bruise."

The Spanish minister has reiterated his interposition! To estimate this measure, in all its dignity and power, it must be remembered what a reception, and what an answer was given by the intendant, to the Spanish minister's *first* interposition. That is a matter of public notoriety. The Spanish minister knows very well what he is about. He has his part in these transactions to perform, as well as the Spanish intendant; he performs it very *cordially*, and if in spite of all appearances, probabilities, and tolerably conclusive evidence, it should prove at last, that the cunning intendant, had his orders in his pocket, the Spanish minister, will clap his hands and roll his eyes in cordial amazement, exclaiming, who could have thought it? 'tis strange! 'tis passing strange!

It was the deliberate opinion of Patrick Henry, one of the greatest men that Virginia ever produced, that the real system of the party, now at the head of this nation, was to dissolve the Union. They have not yet, however, though it expedient to avow the policy; but that may be because the project is not sufficiently popular, in any part of the country. Some of their most distinguished characters have indeed been heard to express wishes to that effect; but Mr. Jefferson himself has not been thus indiscreet. He talks about the union, as if he was really friendly to its continuance; his desire to have it broken up is discernible only in his measures. The intendant at New-Orleans seconds these intentions with as much cordiality as if his conduct were the result of a perfect good understanding with our government, and the cordiality of the Spanish minister is equally well adapted to the purpose. Far be it from me to suggest that such a good understanding exists; though Mr. Jefferson did boast of peace and friendship abroad after he knew of the intendant's little irregularity. I would only observe, that if the dismemberment of our union had been preconcerted between our own national executive and the courts of France and Spain, every measure which we have witnessed, on their part and on our own, should appear most ably and dextrously pointed towards the accomplishment of the common object. A political system should not be rashly judged, by a partial consideration of single measures. When the catastrophe shall have taken place, the whole series of occurrences will be at once in view, and the progression from sensibilities to secrecies, to negociations, to liberalities, to little bits of paper, and so forth, will be found to end so naturally in a divulsion, of the two parts of the Union from each other, that no more doubt will then remain of the design, which inspired these proceedings, than of the superior wisdom of the statesmen, who conducted them, to that of their simple and short-sighted federal opponents, whose policy was to cement indissolubly the Union, by applying all the force of the whole body, to the defence and protection of the part attacked.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRANSLATION OF AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, BY A SOCIETY OF LATIN WRITERS.

Cicero, Sallust, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Cornelius Nepos, Quintus Curtius, Aurelius Victor, Aulus Gellius, &c.

14th July, 1789.

This was the first effusion of civil blood, the first instance of the swords of citizens wielded against citizens with impunity. From this time Justice was conquered by Force, and the most powerful was the most respected. The contests and dissentions of the citizens, hitherto reconciled by a spirit of accommodation, were now decided only by the sword. War was declared, not for any causes that rendered it just or necessary, but for the triumphs and emoluments of the conqueror. In this there is nothing wonderful; for examples never rest where they begin. Under whatever restrictions they are first set, they soon make for themselves wide spaces for evasion. When the first steps are taken towards evil, we are rapidly precipitated downward, and no man thinks that shameful in himself which he knows has been advantageous to others. Vell. Paterc. lib. 2. c. 2.

The poor were armed against the rich, the most abandoned against the most virtuous men, and the servants against their masters. Cic. pro Cr. Plancio. cap. 35. art. 86.

A delirium of terror had distracted and blinded their minds, and their fury, having no man in particular for its object, demanded license to discharge itself on all. Tacit. Histor. lib. 1. art. 82.

The horde of banditti burns even the houses, as if they were guilty, and the fields were desolated with their ravages. Those things which they could not carry off they destroyed: and the execrable mob tore down the most innocent cottages. Claudianus in Eutrop. lib. 1. v 244. Ovid, Trist. lib. 3. el. 10. v 65.

It happened that those who were in the country, dreading the conflagration of houses and villages, fled into the cities: those who were in cities, as sustenance failed them, went into the country: and to both it appeared that any other situation was safer than their own. Quint. Curt. lib. 10. art. 8.

Citizens, of every age, were compelled into military service, and all were insufficient, not only for the enterprises, which the disorder of the times required, they were scarcely adequate, for the first stations of guards and garrisons, Senators themselves, who could not be excused on account of age or ill health, were obliged to mount guard in person. Livy, lib. 3. art. 6.

20th June, 1792.

Quoquo, scelesti, ruitis? Aut cur dexteris
Aptantur ensis conditi? HORAT.

Where do you rush, banditti? For whom is destined this murderous apparatus of arms and soldiers?

Some, intoxicated with wine, marched without knowing why or where. The worst of all men, abandoned to villainy, seized the opportunity to plunder. The multitude, as usual, were drawn in by the desire of seeing a new revolution. Tacit. Histor. lib. 1. art. 80. They seize their arms; their drawn swords gleam in the sun; they mount on horseback, and gallop to the city and the palace. Tacit. Histor. lib. 1. art. 80.

Where is the Prince? they cry, on all hands. They break into the most retired apartments, nor could be persuaded to desist, until the Prince appears. Sueton. in Othon. art. 8.

The magistrates, every where, throwing aside the badges of their dignities, and avoiding the company of their friends and servants, old men and women, all wandering in the darkness of the night, dispersed through the various streets of the city: very few went to their own houses; very many to the houses of their friends, or humblest clients, and there sought an uncertain asylum. Tacit. Histor. lib. 1. art. 81.

A republic is always attacked with greater forces and abilities, than it is defended: because that audacious and abandoned men wait only for a signal to give them their impulsion. Their own innate and habitual disposition excites them always against the republic. Good men, I know not why, are more tardy: they neglect the principles of evil, till it advances to extremities, and are only awakened by the last necessity. It often happens that, by their languors and indecisions, while they cling to their indolence till it has lost its dignity, they lose both their indolence and dignity forever. Cic. pro Sextio. cap. 47. art. 100.

You have seen all things governed by the clamorous, the numbers, and the violence of men,

desperate in circumstances and abandoned in character. You have borne all this. The magistrates were driven from the temples. Other citizens were prohibited to appear in the assemblies, and even in the streets: and no man resisted. Cic. pro Sextio. cap. 39. art. 85.

In those most ancient laws of Solon, which, at Athens, were carved on tables of wood, and which the Athenians had sanctioned with oaths and penalties, that they might be observed forever, one statute, as reported by Aristotle, was contained in this sentence: "If, in any times of discord and dissentions, the people break out into seditions, insurrections and rebellions, or if they divide themselves into two decided parties, and, with irritated minds, seize their arms, and begin fight with each other, then that citizen, who, in such time, and in such case of civil war, shall not declare himself of one side or the other, but shall separate himself in solitude, and retreat from the common evil and danger, let him be deprived of his house, his country, and all his fortune. Let him be an outcast and an exile." When I had first read this law of Solon, a legislator endowed with singular wisdom, I was struck with astonishment, and inquired for what reason he had adjudged to such punishment those who withdrew from popular commotions and civil wars. But after I had maturely reflected on the use and design of the law, I found it was not to promote sedition, but to suppress it. And this it will be found in experience. For, if all good men, though in the beginning they were not apt to restrain sedition, nor to prevent the division among a people inflamed by the passions, and deprived of their reason, divided themselves by uniting with both parties, it would then be seen, that, at first, simple associates of the two factions, these parties would soon begin to be softened and moderated by the superior authority of those men, and concord might be restored. They would contribute to mollify and to influence their respective parties, and endeavour to save and reform, rather than to destroy their adversaries. Aul. Gell. in Noctib. Attic. lib. 2. c. 12.

10th August, 1792.

All those who had distinguished themselves, by their infamy and their turbulence; all who had squandered their patrimonies by gambling and debauchery; all who had been banished from their countries, for their crimes and enormities, resorted to the capital as to a common sink. Sallust, in Bello Catilin. art. 38.

They excited an insurrection: and, all of a sudden, and even without a leader, they rush to the palace of the Prince. Sueton. in Othon. art. 8.

On all sides were arms, menaces and terror. Tacit. Histor. lib. 1. art. 83.

They open for themselves a passage by violence, they force the avenues of the palace, and massacre the first centinels. Virg. Æneid, lib. 2.

The courage and indignation of those who defended the King's house were excited. They attempted to reinforce the vanquished, and to second their courage. Virg. Æneid, lib. 2.

The people stood as spectators of the whole battle. As if it had been a combat of gladiators for their diversion, they encouraged sometimes one side, and sometimes the other, by their acclamations and applauses. Whenever one party began to decline, and any fled to their homes or to the taverns, the people demanded, with loud shouts, that they should be dragged out and murdered. By these means they augmented their share of plunder: for the soldiers being devoted to blood and slaughter, the booty was abandoned to the vulgar. Hideous and terrible was the face of things through the whole city. Here were battles and wounds, there baths and booths for tipling houses and cook shops; blood and dead bodies every where. The harlots and prostitutes, and their agents, were every where at hand. All the excesses of lust, which are introduced, by corruption of morals, into the most luxurious scenes of idleness, all the crimes and scenes of horror, ever seen in a country newly conquered, or a city just taken by storm, you would have thought united in one city to form a perfect model of fury and debauchery. Nevertheless a barbarous security reigned. The public pleasures were not interrupted for a moment. It seemed as if all these horrors added to the amusement and diversion of the city. The people exulted, they frolicked, they danced, and, without the smallest regard to any of the contending parties, they rejoiced only in the public calamity. Tacit. Histor. lib. 3. art. 83.

But in the interior of the palace there was nothing but groans, disorder, and distraction. Virg. Æneid, lib. 2.

It was represented to the Prince, that he ought to shew himself worthy of that family, which had been distinguished by so much glory: that desperation, at least, ought to arm him with resolution; that the army was still faithful; that the people were yet affectionate; finally, that no misfortune could befal him more deplorable than that into which he was about to precipitate himself. Death could only be the effect of a defeat: and death would be the infallible consequence of his submission; that the only question remaining, for him and his friends, was, whether they would expire amidst the insults and reproaches of his executioners, or in the field of honour?

He turned a deaf ear to all vigorous councils. His heart shuddered at the recollection of his consort and his children, whom he trembled to leave at the mercy of a conqueror, irritated by resistance. He goes out of his palace, in a habit of mourning. Around him marches all his household in silent sadness. His son, yet an infant, follows him, carried in a litter, as it were in a funeral procession. The people hazard, in vain, a few words in his favour. The soldiery keep a menacing silence.

Where is the man, sufficiently unmindful of the inconstancy of human affairs, not to be moved by such a spectacle, the head of the Roman Empire, and but lately master of the human race, departing from the theatre of his grandeur, traversing his capital, and the multitude of his people, to resign his authority? Nothing like it had ever been seen or heard of. In the speech that he made, in the midst of his own soldiers, and in presence even of the women, he pronounced a few words, conformable to the sadness of his present situation, declaring that he yields to the love of peace and the public good, requesting only that they would preserve the memory of his person, and have pity on his brother, his consort, and the innocent condition of his children. Tacit. Hist. lib. 3. art. 66, 67, 68.

2d and 3d September, 1792.

Irritated by the slowness of punishment, the tyrant orders all who were in prison, under accusation of conspiracy, to be massacred at once.

It was a vast field of indiscriminate carnage: victims of both sexes, of all ages, illustrious or obscure, were scattered here and there, or heaped one upon another. To approach a relation or a friend, to weep over their misfortune, to give them a last look, was a crime. Guards, posted as spies, to watch for the smallest appearance of grief, attended the dead bodies, and dragged them to the river, where they were left to be carried down the stream, or driven ashore on the banks. No man dared to bury them, or come near them. All intercourse of human kindness and compassion was cut off by Terror; and, as cruelty increased, all pity was banished. Tacit. Annal. lib. 6. art. 19.

The capital was never before a prey to such agonies and terrors. The needy every where plundered their neighbours. All society, all conversation was avoided. Acquaintances and strangers were equally dreaded. Even the mute and inanimate objects, the roofs and the walls of houses, could not be surveyed with the eye but with caution, fear and suspicion. Tacit. Annal. lib. 4. art. 69.

During many of the following days the city was delivered up to the cut throat. Such was the licence of the sword, that any man murdered whom he pleased. Enemies perished in the first place, then all whose rank or dignity excited envy, or whose property held out the temptation of a rich plunder. The same atrocities, as if it had been by a signal given from the city, were committed throughout all Italy. Every where, through all the colonies, as well as the municipal cities, they massacred all who were in opposition to the usurper, or any of his satelites. Multitudes, either from the thirst of blood, or eagerness for plunder, perpetrated these murders. There were others, who apprehended danger to themselves, if they did not manifest their devotion to the triumphant party, by the destruction of others. Tit. Liv. in Suppl. lib. 88. art. 18. 19.

(To be continued.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF SHAKSPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

ACT 3....SCENE 1.

Is very short, and is noticed merely to point out a scriptural expression. The usurping Duke speaks to Oliver after the flight of Orlando—

> But look to it,
> Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is,
> *Seek* him with candle.

which passage seems to be borrowed from St. Luke, c. 15. v. 28. "If she lose one piece, doth she not light a *candle*, and *seek* diligently till she find it?"

Act 3....*Scene* 2.

He who can read the witty logic of Touchstone, in this scene, without a smile, wants a relish for genuine humour, and must be one of those who derive their highest enjoyment from the buffoonery of tipsy jacobins at a town meeting—

> Touchstone. Wast ever at Court, shepherd?
> Corin. No, truly.
> Touch. Then thou art damn'd.
> Corin. Nay, I hope—
> Touch. Truly thou art damn'd; like an ill roasted egg; all on one side.
> Cor. For not being at Court?—your reason—
> Touch. Why if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked: and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation; thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

The allusion of Rosalind to the Pythagorean doctrine notices a singular tradition, for which our economical housewives might wish there were some foundation—

> Rosalind. I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an *Irish rat*, which I can hardly remember.

Dr. Johnson notices this passage, and makes the following observations on it—"Rosalind is a very learned lady; she alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and, by some metrical charm, was rhymed to death."

A cold-blooded, captious, chronological critic, on perusing this passage, would inquire if Ireland were peopled in the days of Pythagoras, for without people, he would assert, there could be no rhyming to death. But before he investigate this fact to sanction his criticism, it might be worth his while to inquire whether music really possess the charm ascribed to it; or, he might, in the language of the parable, "be likened" unto certain chemists, who were a long time on the hunt for an "universal solvent," and which chase was not unwisely abandoned, when one of their number accidentally inquired of his brethren, whether, if they found the "universal solvent," they could procure a vessel to contain it? Such criticisms are, indeed, idle, and beneath the dignity of the scholar, but they establish, incontestibly, this fact, that the *matter must be* solid, where such unmeaning criticisms are made.

Rosalind uses a similie that may make those smile, who perceive its point—

Rosalind. I pr'ythee, tell me who is it? Quickly, and speak apace: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all.

They who stammer, usually rival women in volubility, when they begin to speak.

The propositions of Rosalind, in the succeeding passage, are the geuine language of love, when it is addressed to a confidant—

Rosalind. What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? [*or, in what manner was he dressed?*] What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again?—Answer me in one word.

And the reply of Celia is not far distant from the truth—

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover.

We do not know what the ladies will think of the following speech of Rosalind; but probably they may say, that she speaks it without *thought*—

Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman? when I *think*, I must speak.

The ensuing dialogue notes in a manner tolerably correct, the feelings of the mind in certain situations—

Rosalind. I pray you what is't a clock?

Orlando You should ask me what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and goaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir; Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: I'll tell you, who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one, sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

In the following passage are noted the symptoms of love—

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a *blue* eye [*a blueness about the eyes,*] and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not—Then your hose should be ungartered; your bonnet unbanded; your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation.

Mr. Malone thinks that these were "the established and characteristical marks, by which the votaries of love were denoted in Shakspeare's time. These marks may, indeed, denote a modern lover, but with "hose ungartered, bonnet unbanded, sleeves unbuttoned, and shoes untied," he would not easily gain a lady's heart at this day. Outward appearances may gain a wife, but it must not be a "careless desolation." Fashions alter, however, and probably there are not so many ways of doing any one thing, in different countries, as of *making love*. In one part of the world, the man courts—in another the woman—in one region, the courting is in propria persona; in another, by proxy—In one place men court, like Jacob, for seven years—in another, a week—nay, a day is sufficient—but we do not find that the duration or mode of courtship, affect the situation or nature of wedlock; and we would hesitate a little, before we should pronounce the opinion of Dr. Johnson heretical, "that the Lord Chancellor, in general, would make as good matches for us, as we do for ourselves."

We are much indebted to Rosalind. Disguised in man's apparel, she tells us many things, which, although they may be true, a lady would be rather impolitic to utter.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does—that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.

The *ira furor brevis est*, in the opinion of Rosalind, should be *amor* furor brevis est, and the reason she adduces why love is not punished as it should be, is not less true than ludicrous—

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too.

(*To be continued.*)

LEVITY.

[We copy from the New-York Morning Chronicle of the 24th March, the following introductory, and concluding sentences from the address of some lottery projector, "to the managers of the lottery, *for the encouragement of literature.*]

GENTLEMEN,

"After all that has been said concerning lotteries, either as advantageous in speedily procuring money for public purposes, or as disadvantageous, in propagating a spirit of gaming, among *the people, I think it is clear, that the former argument, gets the better of the latter, and that we shall have lotteries.* However, if we must have them, let us ground them on that scheme, which will best answer the end designed; that is, one that *will please the people*, who are to be the buyers, which *of course* must suit the government, as they have no other end but to fill the subscription; previous to the commencement of the drawing."

The first sentence of this address, reminds us of the style, which is used in popular assemblies, when a question is taken; thus, for example, the question is on lotteries, *generally*—The chairman states it—Shall there be lotteries, or no lotteries? As many of you, as are *in the affirmative, will* please to say Aye! Aye! Aye! Those *in the negative, will* please to say No! *The Ayes have it.* Then, what sort of a lottery shall it be? Why, one that "will best answer the end designed; that is, one that will *please the people*;—to be sure, which of course," you know, "must suit the government, as they have *no other end* but *to fill the subscription.*" This is all very well, and quite correct, considering the usual result of lotteries, in this country. There is generally *an end* to the lottery when the subscription is filled. The drawing and payment of prizes is but a small part of the scheme.

Of all the schemes, which human ingenuity can devise, that of a lottery *for the encouragement of literature*, would be the last, we should think of, *to please the people.* Lotteries for the promotion of useful improvements; for building bridges, cutting canals, erecting schools, academies, and colleges, are very common; but the project of a lottery, *for the encouragement of literature, generally*, first originated in the State of New-York, and *if there be* any *honour* attached to the invention, it belongs exclusively to that State. We have the highest respect for the wisdom, the enterprize and the liberality of our neighbour, and sister New-York. We have, saving our local prejudices, quite as much respect for their present legislature, as we have for the legislature of Pennsylvania, and since literature is so insignificant an object, as not to merit encouragement by law, except it be, a law to authorize a lottery for that purpose, we humbly propose, that our legislature would imitate in this respect, the very laudable example of our sister New-York.

The projector, with whom we sat out, proceeds to suggest some modifications in the scheme, such as a more equal distribution, and subdivision of the high prizes; for, says he, "the monstrous prizes of 25,000 and 10,000 dollars, *are a perfect nuisance.*" We would recommend to this hobbling votary of Plutus, not to adventure in lotteries, for the encouragement of literature, unless he can "get the better of" his prejudices, against *large sums of money.*

The conclusion of this address, is, if posible more droll, than its commencement. Our projector contemplates the happiest effects, from the adoption of his plan. "Prizes of 8,000 dollars, decreasing to 500, &c." among other things, "will be a fine help to many tradesmen, and middling people, and little fortunes to begin life with, for the youth of both sexes. Nay, I make no doubt, but that *many matches* will be concluded, *on the result of a lottery*, where *this good medium*, is observed." The novelty of this suggestion constitutes its chief merit. We have often heard, among the profane sneers at wedlock, and "conjugal union," as our schemer happily expresses it, the unhallowed sentiment, that *matrimony is a lottery*, in which the odds are frightfully against the prizes; but though we hold that idea in utter abhorrence, we cannot refrain from the belief, that it would be more consonant to experience, to say, instead of "many matches will be concluded on the result of a lottery, where a good medium is observed;" that many marriages are but the commencement of a lottery, in which no cold medium is observed; but all is transport, joy and gay delight, blending in sweet harmony, congenial souls—or—But for Hymen's sake, spare me the humiliation of tracing the reverse of this picture. Were I to attempt the delineation, my pen, would shed *red-ink*, and instead of playful comments, upon the scheme of a lottery, for the encouragement of literature, my strictures would deserve to be branded with the odious epithet of musty old batchelor's hints, for *the discouragement of Matrimony.*

In conclusion, we have but one suggestion to make for the benefit of *Mr. Benjamin Gomez*, or any other lottery office keeper, viz. That, instead of the device now used, by which the blind goddess is represnted, perched on a wheel, with the horn of plenty, in one hand, and a label of 25,000 and another of 10,000 dollars, in the other; and a boy

in a supplicating posture at her feet, holding his hat under the horn, to catch the loose dollars as they drop—they substitute the model of the *Bœotian* statue, "which represented her as holding *Plutus*, the God of riches in her arms, to intimate that *fortune* is the source, whence wealth and honours flow." This device, if ably executed, though it might not prove, more auxiliary to the cause of literature, would in our humble apprehension operate as a wonderful and surprizing stimulus to *matrimony*.

MISCELLANY.

[The ensuing prefatory matter to the character of *Burke* we copy with peculiar pleasure from the Charleston Courier, South Carolina. The Editor of that well conducted gazette has ably described the prescience of a consummate Orator and Statesman. We again declare distinctly that independently of their literary and rhetorical merit, nothing is more just, nothing more true, and nothing more salutary than *all* the political doctrines of Mr. Burke respecting the accursed revolution in France. Nay more, when, in his admirable reflections, he derides the debility of republicanism, the pert loquacity and vile tampering of whig demagogues, and the madness of innovation; when he points to the beauty and the stedfastness of the Corinthian column, and when he indignantly strives, with all the energy of wisdom and virtue, to trample upon the reptiles who would subvert that column, and *dash and perplex maturest councils*, we approve every word, and would emulate every deed.]

As the political animosities which, during the French revolution disturbed every country in Europe, and particularly England, have subsided, all parties and persons concur in rendering the tribute of admiration and praise to that great man, to whose penetrating mind alone it belonged, to see what mischiefs lurked under that revolution when it promised most fairly. It will astonish every one to hear, that it appears from a late publication, that sixteen years before the breaking out of the revolution, on his return from France, Mr. Burke took occasion in the House of Commons, to testify the apprehensions with which the proceedings of the literary cabal on the continent, which was then preparing the way for the overthrow of the governments of the world, had impressed him. In a speech, a report of which is extant, he pointed out the conspiracy of Atheism; and observed, that he was not fond of calling in the secular arm to support doctrines and opinions....but if ever it was to be raised, it should be, against those enemies of their kind, who would take from us the *noblest prerogative of our nature, that of being a religious animal.* "*Already* (continued he) *under the systematic attacks of those men, I see many of the props of good government beginning to fail: I see propagated principles, which will not leave to religion even a toleration, and make virtue herself less than a name.*" He then recommended, that a grand alliance should be formed, against those ministers of rebellious darkness, who were endeavouring to shake all the works of God, established in beauty and order. From the beginning of the *revolution*, he continually asserted *that it would end in a ferocious despotism.* The French, he said, could not from their habits and vices be republicans. *A vicious people* (said he) *never can be free...their passions forge their fetters.* Ample justice is now done to this great man who, when living, was the common target, at which the arrows of the disaffected and foolish were shot. His authority is continually cited, and those who once pronounced him a frenzical enthusiast, now pronounce that he was a prophetic, political philosopher.

We present our readers with a character of this wonderful man, written by Doctor Parr, another name for learning, virtue, critical knowledge, and patriotism. It is translated from the Doctor's preface to a second edition of Bellendenus. A finer piece of criticism has never appeared, than the character of the respective kinds of eloquence of Burke and Lord Chatham, contained in this paper.

THE CHARACTER OF EDMUND BURKE.

There is, I am aware, a certain wordy speaker who, for his readiness, and fluency, and shewy exercitations, has obtained among the multitude the character of the consummate orator.* Let the admirers of this man gnash their teeth with vexation while I speak what my soul dictates, of the eloquence of Burke—of Burke, by whose sweetness Athens herself would have been soothed, with whose amplitude and exuberance she would have been enraptured, and on whose lips that prolific mother of genius and science would have adored, confessed, the Goddess of Persuasion.

There were some among the Romans who esteemed a certain terseness and exility of style and sentiment, provided it were laboured, and polished, and elegant, as truly Attic; and held the more full, and grand, and commanding, and magnificent species of oratory in the highest contempt Vain of their taste and their sagacity, and insensible of the gradations, the transitions, and the variety of the Athenian style, such men had the audacity to condemn the harangues of Cicero himself as tumid, oriental, and redundant. Men have not been wanting with us, who have croaked the same dull note, and repeated the same lifeless criticism of the eloquence of Burke. But let these vain pretenders to Attic taste, without the robustness of mind to tolerate its beauties, learn to think more highly of our illustrious orator; let them know, that to imitate Burke is to speak Athenian-like and well; and that even to have attained a relish for his charms is greatly to have advanced in literature.

Let me add, and it is much to the purpose that Burke, on whatever topic he touches in the excursive range of his allusions, appears a master of the subject; and to have acquired a deep and thorough insight into whatever is excellent in elegant art or solid science. Critics there are who wish to separate eloquence from literature, and to ascribe the powers of the orator to a certain natural talent improved by habit. While we congratulate these original and unlettered speakers, let us admire in Burke a mind by nature formed for eloquence, and impregnated with every subsidiary aid, by sedulous and unwearied application. He applied himself to classic literature, because he knew that from that literature oratory was furnished with its choicest ornaments, and because he felt that it silently infused the habit of speaking even English well.

Demosthenes is said to have been a reader, and even an auditor, of Plato; and Cicero is confirmed in this opinion by the choice and grandeur of his style. How deeply read is Burke; what stores he has accumulated in his capacious memory from the orators and poets, is forcibly felt by every man of letters in that strong tincture of literature which pervades, with essential fragrance, all his compositions. His superior genius, like that of Phidias, was no sooner exhibited than felt; but observing how much the brightest talents have been obscured by negligence, he never relaxed his ardent assiduity a moment, nor suffered the extent of his attainments to damp his appetite for more.

Few have the opportunity or the power of forming a competent opinion of a speech delivered; but of Burke's eloquence there are specimens of of which every one may judge. Look at what he has published, the charm equally of the world at large and of the ablest critics. Who is there among men of eloquence or learning more profoundly versed in every branch of science? Who is there that has cultivated philosophy the parent of all that is illustrious in literature or exploit, with more felicitous success? Who is there that can transfer so happily the result of laborious and intricate research, to the most familiar and popular topics? Who is there that possesses so extensive, yet so accurate an acquaintance with every transaction recent or remote? Who is there that can deviate from his subject, for the purposes of delight, with such engaging ease, and insensibly conduct his readers from the severity of reasoning to the festivity of wit? Who is there that can melt them if the occasion requires, with such resistless power, to grief and pity? Who is there that combines the charm of inimitable grace and urbanity with such magnificent and boundless expansion?....He that can do this, I affirm it again and again, has attic powers, and speaks a language which, while it soothes the multitude by its sweetness, by its correctness and pregnancy, will captivate the judgement of the severest critic.

Many men, of more talent than erudition, have fancied that they could speak better than they could write; and flattered themselvs with a reputation for eloquence which never stood the test of severe and critical examination. Many a speech has been received with infinite applause in the delivery, which, when handed about in the prints, has appeared poor, languid, and lifeless. Lord Chatham was a great man, a most animated and terrific orator, and eminently endued with the first qualifications of a great statesman; yet, as a speaker, his fame, doubtless from the witchery of his manner, was greater than his power. Like Cromwell, he had that perspicacity of eye which pried into the inmost recesses of the soul, and detected all the thoughts and impressions, and hopes and fears, of his auditors. He had that too which Cromwell had not; for Cromwell we are told was slow in the conception of his ideas when he spoke, and diffuse and perplexed in the delivery. But in Chatham, when he rose to speak, there was a fervor and vehemence of imagination, a headlong torrent of words, and power of sound, which deafened, and stunned, and confounded his opponents. In the man himself, I well remember, there was a native dignity of form, which commanded reverence and faith; and, by filling his hearers with holy awe, predisposed them to his purpose. With powers little calculated to instruct or delight, there was a vehemence of contention, an awakening energy of manner, an impassioned ardor, a confident and boastful exultation, which victory only rendered more ferocious and ungovernable. He often rose to dignity in the donation of applause, still oftener blazed to fierceness in the fulmination of invectives; and sometimes, in the violence of altercation, stung with a poignancy of wit peculiarly his own. But take away these shewy appendages of eloquence, which are included almost in the very name of Chatham; take away that which in the judgment of Demosthenes was the first, the second, the third qualification of an orator; and which, in Chatham, were displayed as they prevailed in so astonishing a measure, and with such felicity of success; take away the imposing dignity of his presence, the strength and grandeur of his voice, the elaborate vehemence of his gesticulation, worked up, often to extravagance, and adapted rather to the Drama than the Senate; take these away, and in those very speeches which were extolled by his auditors as transcending far all praise, you will find nothing, scarcely, which so forcibly strikes or sweetly soothes the ear; nothing which by its strength or clearness captivates the judgment; nothing which the intelligent reader in a cool and temperate hour will highly approve; or having once read, will eargerly demand again.

Such I confess, was the giant scale of Chatham's mind, that he might well claim, and would assuredly fill with honour, the highest station to which a subject can aspire. To his other original and illustrious qualities was added that felicity of fortune which fills up the measure of all pre-eminent greatness. In his character as Minister, such was the greatness and elevation of his spirit that, like Scipio, he could revive expiring ardour, and fill men with a confidence of expectation which no mortal promises, nor the moral course of nature, ever did, or, under any other auspices, ever ought to inspire. Those however, who consider Chatham not as a first rate orator, but as another Demostheness, are greatly deceived. In Demosthenes,

* Lord Chatham.

with a dignity which has scarcely been equalled, was combined a sagacity and coolness which can never be surpassed. He who aspires only to be rapid, vehement, and sonorous, without descending to plain narrative, cool statement, and close argument, sacrifices reason to passion, and touches on the precincts of a frantic eloquence. It was the lot of Chatham to owe whatever he possessed to a genius exercised by practice alone. The consequence was natural. With infinite fluency and animation he insured the fate of Galba, and while breathing consuming fire as a speaker, all the force and all the blaze of his eloquence was extinguished upon paper.

Far different is Burke. To wing his flight to the sublime of eloquence he has called in the labours of the closet. Burke would not that the fame of his powers should be circumscribed within the same poor limits that bound life; nor has he feared; most certainly he has not shunned, that solemn sentence which posterity, who "extenuate nothing, nor set down ought in malice," will hereafter pronounce upon his genius.

There are many, I know, who, though well convinced that the pen is the instructor of the tongue, and perfectly able to treat any subject upon paper with infinite correctness and art, yet, when drawn from the shade of studious retirement into action, are not only incapable of delivering with clearness what they have very justly conceived, but exhibit the spectacle of absolute helplessness and fatuity. But Burke, though fully satisfied that nothing contributes more to good speaking than good writing, is equally prepared for both. The same power of mind, the same divine and inextinguishable ardour which fires him in the Senate, animates him in the solitude of composition; nor need he blush to say of his speeches what Thucydides has affirmed of his elaborate history, "I give it to the public as an everlasting possession, and not as a contentious instrument of temporary applause."

There is an unwillingness in the world to shew that the same man has excelled in various pursuits; but Burke's compositions, diversified as they are in their nature, yet each excelling in its kind, who does not read with instruction and delight? I have hitherto surveyed the merits of the orator; let us now view him as a critic and philosopher.

Criticism, which others would have been content to study as they found it, Burke has enlarged by his discoveries, illustrated by his multifarious learning, and treated with all the graces of a style most elegant and refined, yet not polished into insipidity by too curious a care. Often has it been lamented that the language of philosophers is usually so crabbed and uncouth as to deter readers of taste from the perusal of their labours. It fell to Burke by his purity and grace, to purge off this inveterate rust, and to adopt to the knottiest and the subtlest disquisitions, such a flowing ease, and fertility and lustre of style, as the world had never witnessed. With such illustrious proofs of his own powers, he has at once, by his precepts and example, instructed others to excel: for whether he luxuriates in speeches replete with the choicest phraseology and happiest periods, or bends his keen and subtle intelligence on critical disquisition, such is the felicity of his labours, that he at once quickens the sagacity of his readers, while he stores their memory and fertilizes their fancy with invigorating and varied information.

On the morals of a man most conspicuously endued with the more amiable and the severe virtues, I hold it needless to descant. The unspotted innocence, the firm integrity of Burke, want no emblazoning, and if he is accustomed to exact a rigorous account of the moral conduct of others, it is justified in one who shuns not the most inquistorial scrutiny into his own.

I know what unsafe and treacherous ground I tread. Objectors, I am aware, are not wanting, who will exclaim that I have lavished praise with too prodigal a hand—that I have been hurried away by my love and admiration of the man. I care not. The tribute I have paid him is little to his deserts—and would to God, that this little had come from any one who could have more suitably expanded and adorned it! This, however, I deliberately and steadily affirm—that of all the men who are, or who ever have been eminent for energy and splendour of eloquence, or for skill and grace in composition, there is not one who in genius or erudition, in philanthropy or piety, or in any of the qualities of a wise and good man, surpasses Burke.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[The ensuing article is preserved, principally for the sake of the last paragraph. By adverting to the early application of Mr. Erskine, young men of an ambitious spirit, but of a volatile genius, may learn that the greatest abilities give no sanction to indolence, and that a barrister, however gifted by eloquence and enriched by learning, must forsake the morning pillow and repeat to himself the admirable didactics of Horace—

Ni posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non
Intendes animum studiis, vel rebus honestis
Invidia, vel amore, vigil torque bere.]

THE KING *v.* MILLWARD AND ANOTHER.

This was an indictment for an assault. The prosecutor is a Mr. Richards, late a master baker, now a methodist preacher. The defendants are two brothers, respectable millers, with whom he had had dealings.—He swore, that, while lodging at a public house, they came into his apartment, and asked for the account book which used to go between them; they had defrauded him of a large sum of money, and this book was his only voucher; he refused, therefore, to let it go out of his hand; but they threw him down, seized the book, tore out a great many of the leaves, and threw them into the fire.—He underwent a very short cross examination by Mr. Garrow, from which it appeared certain that he had threatened to prosecute the defendants for having granted in this book unstamped receipts, and highly probable that he hoped thus to wipe off a large debt that he owed them. The penalties would have amounted to many thousand pounds.

Lord Ellenborough said, that the assault had been clearly proved, and that circumstances of this kind must be stated to the Court, on affidavit, in mitigation of punishment.

Mr. Richards put on the appearance of uncommon sanctity, and gave his evidence as if he had been haranguing a congregation of the faithful.—Verdict—*Guilty*.

In some causes that stood in the paper the attorneys were not ready.—Mr. Erskine expressed considerable chagrin. That there might be no delay on his part, be said, he had *been up reading his briefs since half-past four in the morning*.

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Review of a pamphlet, entitled, The Mississippi question fairly stated, and the views and arguments of those who clamour for war, examined. In seven letters, originally written for publication in the Aurora, at Philadelphia. By Camillus. Philadelphia, printed by William Duane, 1803. p. p. 48.]

The seven letters signed Camillus, independent of *the design* of the author, which is sufficiently apparent in every page, bear strong internal evidence, that the *head and heart* of a native American had nothing to do in their composition. Greater efforts of genius, more profound knowledge, and more extensive research, have been exhibited in both houses of congress, by *federal* members, during the debates on the resolutions, successively moved by Messrs. Griswold, of the house of representatives, and Messrs. Ross and Breckenridge, of the senate, on the subject of the free navigation of the Mississippi; but throughout all these discussions, respecting our national rights and interests, there is this remarkable distinction, between the legislator of domestic origin, and the foreign pamphleteer, as to the language they employ. The former speak, like men feeling *their own wrongs*, at the moment they are pleading in behalf of the *violated rights of their countrymen*. They address themselves to the understanding, and are listened to with complacency; because their audience participate in *national sentiments*. But Camillus is a stranger in the land, he has no fellow-feeling with the citizens of the United States; he has so little address, as to dwell with evident delight, upon circumstances and events of the most humiliating stamp; and if there be among us, a remnant of national pride, he has torn it to tatters, and strown the pieces along the path of our reflections. This was a mistake and an over-sight, of which none but a stranger would have been guilty; and it is naturally to be ascribed to a want of knowledge of our character, which a foreigner seldom or never acquires. There doubtless may be found in the United States, men so depraved or *so desperately* weak, as to advocate the interests of the Spanish monarch, or of the French republic, in preference to those of their native country. Such, if such there be, *are no federalists*. They belong to the dominant sect, and the sooner they assemble at head quarters, the more speedily will they be found in the road to promotion, as counsellors of state. These, I agree with Camillus, are "visions of false glory," but they are the only rays, which are permitted to obtrude upon my dim orbs, as the probable emanation of our present system of national policy.

For a complete refutation, of all the argumentative parts of the seven letters, I refer, generally, to the very able speeches of Messrs. Ross of Pennsylvania, Gouverneur Morris of New-York, and to the circular letter of Mr. Stanley of North Carolina. The doctrines of Camillus are assailable, on other grounds than those of national honour, and national interest; but so far as *these* require defence, against the attack of this insidious enemy, under the mask of a friend, those documents, will be found the strongest and most tenable fortresses. They contain the genuine, uncontaminated expressions of freemen; not the wild and fanciful ravings of *a knight of La Mancha*, armed with the weapons of diplomacy; and it might be hoped, that even the gay, the sportive and the fantastic, imagination of the *light tripping* Camillus, would exempt *such papers*, from the general stigma he has affixed, to all the publications of the *federal* prints, "for some weeks past." Or if this should prove a vain anticipation, and every word, which federal lips have uttered, on the subject of our national concerns, must pass as a portion of "*the machinery of wickedness*," which Camillus says, "has been set in motion to deceive, and to inflame the public mind;" why then, "I cry you mercy," good Don, for I also am a federalist.

It has been said, that Camillus has manifestly laboured, through six letters, without touching the real and substantial question, in the controversy, respecting Louisiana. With what "*machinery*," has he contrived to fill up the long columns of a daily newspaper, if he has so egregiously evaded his subject? It is by bold and malignant imputations, and acrimonious reflections, against the whole body of federalists, throughout the country. By reviving and retailing, the stale slanders of "the

Aurora," as just accusations and solemn truths, while the writer was, at the same time, conscious of their falsehood, and absurdity; for although Camillus, by a supercilious and overbearing conduct, once made himself obnoxious to the federal party, and was treated by them with merited neglect, neither his passions, nor his prejudices have so far clouded his intellect, that he should be unable to discern, how wide a distance there is, between the merits of a federalist and a democrat. As enemies to foreign influence, as opposers and detectors of foreign intrigue, and as the undaunted asserters of their country's rights, the federalists are justly entitled to the venemous, though harmless rage, of such pigmy reptiles as Camillus. Another, and a very splendid portion of the "machinery," is derived from the writer's terrific apprehension, of the accumulated horrors of war, and the insignificance of the object, which is made the pretext for a rupture, between the United States and Spain. In the contemplation of this subject, to say that Camillus is *eloquent* would be too feeble; to say that he is *inspired* would be much more faithful, as a description of the powers he displays; but it is the inspiration of a coward-heart obedient to the dictates of a treacherous head. It is, (to avail myself of one of his own epithets), a "hollow invocation" *to peace, submission* and *national abasement*. But this is not enough. To sink us yet lower, if that be possible, in our own estimation, and in the eyes of foreign nations; the magnificence, the *generosity*, the war-like energies and immeasurable resources of *Spain*, are *contrasted* with those of the United States, and it is not to be presumed, that *so partial a witness*, as Camillus, could make an *American* proud of his own country. "What," says he, "are *we*," (meaning Americans) to be held up for universal scorn, as a band of plunderers and free-booters; shall we attack the possessions of a neighbour, *because we have experienced at his hands, the courtesies of hospitality?* shall we be called upon to vilify the American nation and name, by attacking the territory *of Spain, to whose generosity alone we are indebted*, for that right of deposit,—and without previous remonstrance, and *when she is absolutely ignorant of our grievances?*"

The sentimentsand facts, announced in this short extract, are the burden of Camillus's lullaby. They are altogether unanswerable, because, like spectres they are without body, and destitute of the faculty of speech, to any intelligible purpose.

That Spain is ignorant of the grievances of the United States, as Camillus so arrogantly asserts, is certainly not to be ascribed to the absence of complaint, on the part of her citizens. But if a voluntary omission, and a studied neglect of the "courtesies of hospitality," in bargaining away the natural, the territorial, and the stipulated rights of the Americans, without their consent, was, in truth, the result of *ignorance*, on the part of Spain, there is more excuse for her conduct, as it respects the cession of Louisiana, than I expected to discover in the paltry palliatives of Camillus.

PUBLIUS.

(To be continued.)

THE OLLA, No. VII.

Every reader who brings to the Olla a knowledge of the French language will relish the following stanzas, written by some arch wag, who thoroughly understood the cloying nature of *trite* love. This curious song was actually set to music by Rousseau, and we shall be obliged, if BATISTO, in his "*biting* humorous way," will enable the English reader to partake in the merriment.

Philis, plus avare, que tendre,
Ne gagnant rien à refuser,
Un jour exigea de Silvandre
Trente moutons pour un baiser.

Le lendemain, nouvelle affaire
Pour la Berger le troc fut bon,
Il exigea de la Bergere,
Trente baisers pour un mouton.

Le lendemain, Philis plus tendre,
Craignant de moins plaire au Berger,
Fut trop heureuse de lui vendre
Tous les moutons pour un baiser.

Le lendemain, Philis peu sage,
Voulut donner moutons et chein,
Pour un baiser, que le volage
A Lissette donna pour rein.

Written in the blank leaf of a lady's commonplace book.

Here is one leaf, reserv'd for me,
From all thy dear memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well:
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh it should be my sweetest care,
To *write my name forever there.*

EPIGRAM—FROM THE FRENCH.

Your mother says, my little Venus,
There's *something not correct* between us,
And you're in fault as much as I:
Now, on my soul, my little Venus,
I think 'twould not be right between us,
To let your mother tell a lie.

EPIGRAMS.

Ancient Phyllis has *young graces*,
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one,
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one,
Where's the wonder now?

Tom reads whole volumes ev'ry day,
In hopes to bring some wit away;
But finds, when all his labour's o'er,
He's just as stupid as before;
Which shews how silly the pretence
To be a wit devoid of sense.

SONG, TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

Quaff with me the purple wine
And in youthful pleasure join,
With me love the blooming fair,
Crown with me thy flowing hair,
When sweet madness fires my soul,
Thou shalt rave without controul—
When I'm sober, sink with me
Into dull sobriety.

The following, though extravagant, is still an elegant, and highly fanciful compliment to a devious beauty.

Oh, wipe away that timid tear
Sweet truant, you have nought to fear,
Though you were whelm'd in sin;
Stand but at Heaven's gate awhile,
And you, *so like an angel smile,*
They can't but *let you in.*

TO ———

Sweet is the dream, divinely sweet,
When absent souls in fancy meet
At midnight, love, I'll think of thee,
At midnight, love, oh think of me;
Think that thou giv'st thy dearest kiss,
And I will think I feel the bliss,
Then, if thou blush, that blush be mine,
And if I weep, the tear be thine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS TO A JUVENILE FRIEND.

The leaden hours have slowly past,
And clouds obscure the solar ray;
The eatsern sky is overcast,
And Sadness marks the sombre day.

On humid wing the Swallow flies,
Brushing the surface of the ground;
Immers'd in rain the verdure lies,
The dripping willows weep around.

Whilst Nature's sylvan beauties fade,
Beneath the cold ungenial storm,
Shall Time, with ruthless touch, invade
Gay hopes, and recollections warm?

The distant hill, the winding lane,
The whispering zephyrs, pure and free;
The rock, the river, and the plain,
Have each attractive charms for me.

Say, shall the Muse no more assume
Her airy robes, of azure hue;
Shall Fancy's flow'ret cease to bloom,
And Friendship sigh its last adieu?

With modest mien, in rude attire,
She forms her tributary lay;
And every note, that swells the lyre,
Affection's pinion waft away.

And when my orisons arise
To him who rules the highest heaven;
When loud hosannas pierce the skies,
And access to the Throne is given.

With fervent hope, thy peace is brought,
Close to my heart (where thou art dear);
And mix'd with many an anxious thought,
Affection drops a tender tear.

I ask not heaps of glittering ore,
Nor pleasures won at Folly's shrine;
But, humbly trust, that Wisdom's lore,
And Christian virtues shall be thine.

Whilst feeling throbs within my breast,
Or Reason pours its lucid ray,
Warm gratitude shall be confess'd,
To him, who form'd the radiant day.

To him, who "gilds the glowing pole,"
And bless'd the useful morning light;
Who saw meridian splendors roll,
And guards the silent hour of night.

To him who guides the star of even—
And bade the lunar orbit shine,
For each resplendant gleam of Heaven
Be gratitude's pure incense mine.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[I send you several more infant wanderers, which, I imagine very few of your readers have seen, to find an asylum in the Port Folio. They were written either as prompted by the fair, or as words to favorite airs in my music book.

A.]

TO AN AGITATED BEAUTY.

Ah! why enveil that panting breast,
Whose charm, so potent o'er my heart,
Can, while it robs it of its rest,
The height of ecstacy impart?

Why turn away those beaming eyes,
Why hide those blushes from my view,
Which can make passion, ere it dies,
The height of ecstacy renew?

SONG.

Ah! lovely Hannah, do not slight
A youth whose heart thy charms inflame;
Nor hide those beauties from his sight,
When death and absence are the same.
Ah turn! in pity turn, to see
The youth who sighs—who dies for thee!

While others for thy smiles implore,
And practise each seductive art,
He offers, all thy lover's store,
A simple, but a constant heart.
Ah turn! &c.

If you command him to expire,
Alas, thy lover shall obey;
And proving all his fond desire,
By death his constancy display.
Ah turn! in pity turn, to see
The youth who sighs—who dies for thee!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[The condescension which you have displayed in your invitation to female lovers of science, has awakened, in me, a kind of anxious solicitude, composed of hope and fear. I have fancied, that it was possible I might produce something which your indulgence would deem not totally unworthy a place in your weekly asylum of genius. If I am mistaken, as I sadly suspect I am, I still confidently rely upon that candour, which is ever the companion of a cultivated mind; but

" Enough of self, that darling luscious theme.
" On which philosophers with rapture dream."

If love of numbers from the dawn of youth,
Poetic inspiration could inspire,
Then, even I, in raptur'd strains of truth,
" Would wake to ecstacy the living lyre."

But ah! unequal strife! when thousands fail,
For whom the golden lamps of knowledge shone,
A fragile bark can never stem the gale,
Or on the critic billows ride alone.

Yet still the sounds of invitation mild,
In soft vibrations catch my willing ear,
And like a vanquish'd, fascinated child,
I break the bonds of *salutary* fear.

If, as I fear, no ray of sacred light,
No bright poetic gems illume my mind;
A vot'ry still, I'll feast my ardent sight,
In Pope and Milton inspiration find.

LAVINIA.

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE.

BLACK AND WHITE,

IN THE MODERN STYLE, WITH NOTES;

OR, A PARODY ON THE PARODY OF PARODIES.

* A statesman so great, and a damsel so neat,
Convers'd about things where they were;
They ogle'd and chatted, and made it quite late,
Tall Tom was the name of the statesman so great,
And *Sally* the name of the *fair*.

And now, says *Tall Tom*, since to-morrow I start,
With a† *message* for Washington City,
I cannot help saying before I depart,
I fear that‡ *Tom Paine* with his air and his art,
Has made, or will make, an attack on your heart,
And enter it even to pity.

Do you mean to affront me, the *fair Sally* said,
I ne'er heard the like in my life;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear I will never love *one* in your stead;
I'll be constant and true as a wife;
And if for *another* my heart should decide,
Forgetting my Thomas so civil,
God grant that to punish my falshood and pride,
Your ghost, with a *message*, from hell cut and dried,
Should come in at the moment, stand close by my side,
And carry me off to the devil.

'Twas *economy time*, and away went poor *Tom*,
Sally's face with her apron she *hid*;
But scarce had a *session* elaps'd when behold,
Tom Paine with his nose all *scarlet* and *gold*,
Pretending he thought that Miss *Sally* took cold,
Call'd in just to *know* how she did.

His *uncommon sense*, *his reason*, *his fame*,
Soon furnish'd her honour with wings!!!
For he argued so sharp, saying, *Sally* you know,
That *his* name is *Thomas*, and *mine* is *so too*,
And therefore you can't be to *Thomas untrue*,
In the *nature* and *fitness* of things.

And now, had *Tom* been there an hour and more,
Nor thought he of going away,
Had not his horse *Button*, still tie'd to the gate,
Much wondering an *ale-house* kept open so late,
Set up a most terrible *neigh!*

Then first with amazement the *fair Sally* found,
A stranger *somehow* had crept in,
His hair seem'd on fire! he utter'd no sound,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But star'd on them *both* with a grin.

His hat was *full-cock'd*, and of beaver the best,
He had on one boot and one shoe,
A little *pedometer* hung from his neck,
A large pair of *compasses* hung from his back,
O'er a coat that seem'd not very new.

This terrible figure threw both in a fright,
For he look'd like the devil himself;
But thinking 'twas best to be very polite,
She ran to the tinder-box, struck up a light,
Then putting it back on the shelf,
All trembling and *pale* she came where he stood,
At a loss what to say, or to think;
And holding the candle as far as she could,
* She ask'd him respectfully, " what there he " would,
" If the news from the city *was* evil or good,
" And what she should *fetch* him to drink?"

At the sound of the city, and view of the light,
His *silver-hook'd cloak* he unclos'd;
But what artist can paint her dismay and surprise,
When a large roll of brimstone shone full in her eyes,
And the ghost of *Tall Tom* stood expos'd.

The servants whom *Paine* had collected in throngs,
† Now shouted with him in a rage;
And some arm'd with shovels and some arm'd with tongs,
All set on by Paine, who spoke loud of their wrongs,
Began with the ghost to engage.

A fray so *tempestuous* was ne'er before seen,
For a ghost you all know can't be hit,
So they brandish'd their shovels, and vented their spleen,
While the ghost stood all patient, unalter'd his mien,
And when they had done—spoke *to wit*.

‡ Behold me, *false Ethiop*, behold me he cried,
Learn the *cause* and *effect* of this evil,
" God grants that to punish your falshood and " pride;
" My ghost with a message from hell cut and dried,
" Should come at this moment, stand close by " your side,
" Then carry you off to the devil.

Thus saying, his arms round poor *Sally* he grip'd,
Tho' she screech'd to the *people* around,
Her throat from one ear to the other he rip'd,
He pull'd out her tongue, thro' the floor then he slipp'd,
And never since that has been found.

* *Tom Paine* mounted Button, and rode off full speed,
And since that no *white men* presume,
To make free with the blacks, for by order sublime,
There *Sally the false* suffers pain for her crime,
And sends forth an African fume.

Twelve times in the year when the moon is at full,
And mortals are snoring in bed,
Her sprite haunts that place all cover'd with wool,
And patiently waits for her *Thomas* to pull,
The tongue by its roots from her head.

Two *hundred* new slaves with a leap and a stride,
All dance round a high blazing fire,
And when to the end of the circle they come,
They drink out of warming-pans, full of hot rum.
And this is their toast, " here's success to *Tall* " *Tom*,
" And the devil take *Sal* for a liar."

A.

[The following translation of four Latin lines, by Buchanan, is from some bard of Baltimore, who has diffusely, but very elegantly exhibited, in English, the the terse brevity of the original.]

EPIGRAM.

Qui te videt beatus est,
Beatior qui te audiet,
Qui basiat semi-deus est,
Qui te potitur, est Deus!

IMITATED IN ENGLISH.

Happy the youth, who thus can gaze
On all thy charms with wild amaze!
Can view the lustre of thine eyes,
And see thy crimson blushes rise!
Where on thy snowy swelling breast,
Love points to everlasting rest.

But happier he, who ravish'd hears
Thy voice, the rival of the spheres!
And, as the melting sounds decay,
In bliss extatic dies away.

But oh! what raptures must he prove,
Who hears thee bless his ardent love!

He's more than mortal who can sip
Nectareous honey from thy lip;
Can kiss that cheek where roses bloom,
Inhale that breath that sheds perfume,
Beyond the fragrance Saba boasts,
Or spicy gales that fan its coasts.

But he who folds thee in his arms,
And feasts on thy transcendant charms,
With thee the live long day can toy
And rove, entranc'd, from joy to joy,
Whose high wrought transports meet thy love
Is more supremely bless'd than Jove.

EPIGRAM.

Maria, whilst your heart you steel,
Against the voice of supplaint love,
Though you whole days and nights should kneel
Ne'er think your pray'rs can pity move;
For can you ever hope from Heav'n to gain,
What others ask from you so oft in vain.

---

* Paula majore canamus
de *Long Tom* et Sally.

† " message" Talibus ex adyto dictis Cumae Sibylla
Horrendas canit ambages antroque remugit
Ob curis vera involvens.

‡ Quo non prestantior alter
———————ciere viros

* Quisquis es armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis
Fare age quid venias———————

† Continuo auditæ voces vagitus et ingens
Infantumque———————

‡ Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant
Inde Long Tom———————

* Quadru pedente putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

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